

From Cecilia D. Rutter, Malad, Idaho

Twenty years ago my husband and I had the opportunity to accompany my son and his wife on a European trip. Because of other commitments our stay in Switzerland was short. I had always had a desire to see the country where my mother's parents spent the early years of their lives, so when the opportunity came this year to again visit Switzerland, I felt it was another dream come true, and it proved to be just that.

Such an opportunity, with a special family member who had lived in Switzerland for a few years, and whose interest in his family, present and in the past, was so great that he had researched carefully all that had happened to them in past years, does not often present itself.

This came true for our group, and as I listened to the history, and the testimony came to us from this young man, I realized, more than ever before, that I had a heritage to be proud of. I shall not forget the feeling that entered my heart as I stood in the small, low ceilinged room of the old, old home where John Kunz I had invited Karl G. Maeser and Willard B. Richards to come and tell his family of this Gospel, which he had embraced. My grandfather, John Kunz III was invited, and came as an unbeliever, but there in that room the words of Karl G. Maeser touched his heart and he, too, believed their message, accepted it and made his commitment to emigrate to America.

As we all stood there and heard the testimony and account of that meeting, by our young relative, it just seemed to me that the people he was talking about were there, surrounding us, to bear testimony that it was all true. If the trip had ended then, it would have been worth the effort, and the cost, but that was not all.

Each day brought some added special experience to help us realize that we came of "goodly parents", who had a strong religious up-bringing, as witnessed by the fact that they were willing to leave a very beautiful country, green pastures and wooded mountains, a way of life that was familiar, to come to a new land, undeveloped at that time and unknown to them, and start again to build homes and family lives.

For what they helped to build for me and for my family, and for the heritage I have from my mother and her parents and grandparents, I do thank them, and am very grateful for the great missionaries who took the message to those high Alps in Switzerland, where they lived.

*Cecilia D. Rutter*